¶ A ſupplicacion vnto maſt Camell,

PLeaſe it your maſhip, good maſt Camell,
To heare a poore man, his tale for to tell,
And though you be, a man of great debilitie,
Denye not to heare, a man of low abilitie,
And I pray you, to take it, for no preſmountacion,
For yche ha be brought vp, after vnrude facion:
Syr, now chyll ſhowe ye, the mater and the caſe,
why cham com to ſpeake you, and like your faire face,
There is one Churcharde, that hath you ſpleaſar done,
And ych am com to pray ye, to be good maiſter tone,
But twas vnleudly dooe, and after an homly ſort,
So fayre a beaſt as you ben, to tyen vp ſo ſhort:
I pray you holden ſcuſed, twas but, for lacke of nourter,
For cham ſure, hannot bē, paſt. viii or. viii. yer a courter
Twas but blockiſhly y do, of one ſo vnbaſe as he,
To ſpout with ſuch a gemman, of ſo hie a pen degree:
Yer of a ſturdy ſtock, for your fader nere raiſd his farmes
Nor nere ſold his lands: for ych herd an haſard of arms
Blaſe all the aunciall proditours, of your olde axeltrie,
which com from olde houſen, of moch impoſſibilitie,
And many vpſtauncial men, wer brouded in that neſt,
But your moder in her arms (he ſaid) bare a byg beſt:
Beſeech ye good maſt Camell, geue ore & leue your fume
& chil be bound that Churchard ſhan no more ſo parſume:
But if he be ſo ſedgious, to writen an other, whan,
Bum fay chyll treate no more, do withen what ye can.

Your daily Belman,
at your maūdement,
Good man Gefferay
Chappell, of
whipſtable.

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